

*Mr. Moody as Teague.*



*Upon my soul I believe he's dead.*

*Act 4<sup>th</sup> Scene 1<sup>st</sup>*

Published by Harrison & Co April 11779.

*Tony, sculp*

Printed for

*Mr. Moody as Teague.*



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THE  
COMMITTEE;  
OR, THE  
FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.  
A  
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE-SROYAL  
IN  
Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

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Written by Sir R. HOWARD.

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L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXIX.

## PROLOGUE.

**T**O cheat the most judicious eyes, there be  
*Ways in all trades, but this of poetry:*  
 Your tradesman shews his ware by some false light,  
 To hide the faults and slightness from your sight:  
 Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear  
 'Tis excellent, and so help off his ware.  
 He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,  
 Which in a poet you'd call impudence;  
 Nay, if the world afford the like again,  
 He swears he'll give it you for nothing, then.  
 These are words too a poet dares not say;  
 Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.  
 —Wou'd 'twere a penn'worth;—but in this you are  
 Able to judge, than he that made the ware.  
 However his design was well enough,  
 He try'd to shew some newer-fashion'd stuff.  
 Not that the name Committee can be new,  
 That has been too well known to most of you:  
 But you may smile, for you have pass'd your doom;  
 The poet dares not, his is still to come.

## EPILOGUE.

**B**UT now the greatest thing is left to do,  
 More just Committee, to compound with you;  
 For, till your equal censures shall be known,  
 The poet's under sequestration:  
 He has no title to his small estate  
 Of wit, unless you please to set the rate.  
 Accept this half-year's purchase of his wit,  
 For in the compass of that time 'twas writ:  
 Not that this is enough: he'll pay you more,  
 If you yourselves believe him not too poor:

SCENE, LONDON.

*For 'tis your judgments give him wealth: in this,  
 He's just as rich as you believe he is.  
 Wou'd all Committees cou'd have done like you,  
 Made men more rich, and by their payments too.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

Colonel CARELESS.  
 Colonel BLUNT.  
 Lieutenant STORY.  
 NEHEMIAN CATCH,  
 JOSEPH BLEMISH,  
 JONATHAN HEADSTRONG, } Committee-men.  
 EZEKIEL SCRAPE,  
 Mr. DAY, the Chairman to the Committee.  
 ABEL, Son to Mr. Day.  
 OBADIAH, Clerk to the Committee.  
 TEAGUE.  
 Tavern Boy.  
 Bailiff.  
 Soldier.  
 Two Chairmen.  
 Gaol-keeper.  
 A Servant to Mr. Day.  
 A Stage Coachman.  
 Bookseller.  
 Porter.

### W O M E N.

Mrs. RUTH.  
 Mrs. DAY.  
 Mrs. ABELLA.  
 Mrs. CHAT.





# T H E C O M M I T T E E.

## A C T I.

*Enter Mrs. Day, brushing her boots and scarfs, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Col. Blunt, and a Stage-coachman.*

**Mrs. Day.** NOW, out upon't, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better to travel in the winter; especially for us of the better sort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather should do any hurt.—Well said, honest coachman, thou hast done thy part! My son, Abel, paid for my place at Reading, did he not?

*Coach.* Yes, an't please you.

**Mrs. D.** Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

*Coach.* By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are. [*Aside.*] Farewel, young mistress; farewel, gentlemen. Pray when you come by Reading, let Toby carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*]

**Mrs. D.** Why how now, Mrs. Arbella! What, sad? Why, what's the matter?

*Arbel.* I am not very sad.

**Mrs. D.** Nay, by my honour, you need not, if you knew as much as I. Well—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so—If you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an eye that my son Abel means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest. Ruth and you shall be bedfellows. I warrant, that same Abel many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him. Though I say it that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it—'tis a notable fellow.

*Arbel.* I am fallen into strange hands, if they prove as busy as her tongue. [*Aside.*]

**Mrs. D.** And now you talk of this same Abel; I tell you but one thing: I wonder that neither he nor my husband's honour's chief clerk, Obadiah, is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my son Abel has been here two hours before us; 'tis the veriest Princes; he will ever be galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his appearances. He never stole this trick of galloping; his father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em; he and Mrs. Busie's husband, were counted the best horsemen in Reading, ay, and Berkshire to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. Busie, but in truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a coach; my own is at present in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his honour, Mr. Day, chairman of the honourable committee of sequestrations, shou'd know that his wife rode in a stage-

coach, he would make the house too hot for some.—Why how is't with you, Sir? What weary of your journey? [*To the Colonel.*]

**Blunt.** Her tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*]—So many, Mistress, riding in the coach, has a little distemper'd me with heat.

**Mrs. D.** So many, Sir! Why there were but six—What would you say if I should tell you, that I was one of the eleven that travell'd at one time in one coach?

**Blunt.** O, the devil! I have given her a new theme— [*Aside.*]

**Mrs. D.** Why, I'll tell you—Can you guess how 'twas?

**Blunt.** Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter; I do believe it.

**Mrs. D.** Look you, thus it was; there was, in the first place, myself, and my husband I shou'd have said first, but his honour wou'd have pardon'd me, if he had heard me: Mr. Busie that I told you of, and his wife; the mayor of Reading and his wife; and this Ruth that you see there, in one of our laps—But now, where do you think the rest were?

**Blunt.** A top o'th' coach, sure.

**Mrs. D.** Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess—why—wou'd you think it! I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. Busie one in hers, and Mrs. Mayores of Reading a chopping boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers, as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him: for, wou'd you think it? at the very same time when this same Ruth was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coach'd, the good man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in.

*Enter Abel, and Obadiah.*

—Oh, are you come? Long look'd for come at last. Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

**Oba.** I ask your honour's pardon; for I do profess unto your ladyship, I had attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. Abel, demurr'd me by his delays.

**Mrs. D.** Well, son Abel, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye. Read her, and take her: Ah, is't not so?

**Abel.** I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

**Mrs. D.** Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding, than his master son?

**Abel.** If it please your honour, I have some business for your more private ear.

**Mrs. D.** Very well.

*Ruth.* What a lamentable condition has that gentleman been in! faith I pity him.

*Arbel.* Are you so apt to pity men?

*Ruth.* Yes, men that are humourfome, as I would children that are froward; I wou'd not make them cry on purpose.

*Arbel.* Well, I like his humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

*Ruth.* Plain enough of all conscience; faith I'll speak to him.

*Arbel.* Nay, pr'ythee don't; he'll think thee rude.

*Ruth.* Why then I'll think him an ass.—How is't after your journey, Sir?

*Blunt.* Why, I am worse after it.

*Ruth.* Do you love riding in a coach, Sir?

*Blunt.* No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a coach.

*Ruth.* I shou'd be loth to interrupt your meditations, Sir: we may have the fruits hereafter.

*Blunt.* If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth.—This spawn is as bad as the great pike.

*Arbel.* Pr'ythee, peace!—Sir, we wish you all happiness.

*Blunt.* And quiet, good sweet ladies—I like her well enough.—Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she should jeer too, and spoil my good opinion. If, 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one woman.

*Mrs. D.* Come, Mrs. Arbella, 'tis as I told you, Abel has done it; say no more. Take her by the hand, Abel. I profess, she may venture to take thee for better for worse. Come, Mrs. the honourable committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir. [*Ex. all but Blunt.*]

*Blunt.* How! the committee ready to sit! Plague on their honours; for so my honour'd lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been must compound for their having been rascals. Well, I must go seek a lodging, and a solicitor: I'll find the arrantest rogue I can, too; for, according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

*Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant.*

*Car.* Dear Blunt, well met; when came you, man?

*Blunt.* Dear Careless, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant. I am landed just now, man.

*Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at sea.

*Blunt.* It's pretty well guess'd; I have been in a storm.

*Car.* What storm, man?

*Blunt.* Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath. I have rode in a stage-coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is Day; and the accordingly will be call'd, your honour and your ladyship. There was her daughter too; but a bailard, without question; for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd rascals, and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.—There was another gentleman, and she was handsome; nay, very handsome: but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, how, man?

*Blunt.* Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

*Car.* Thou wert not so mad?

*Blunt.* I had been mad if I had not—But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals, that yet pre-

tended religion and open rebellion ever painted on their faces, they were the hopes and guide of the honourable family, viz. the eldest son, and the chiefest clerk, rogues—and hereby hangs a tale.—This gentleman I told thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chicken has this kite (snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest rascal.

*Car.* What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love and rescue her.

*Blunt.* I'll woo no woman.

*Car.* Would'st thou have them court thee? A soldier, and not love a siege!—How now, what art thou?

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* A poor Irishman, Heav'n save me, and save all your three faces; give me a thirteen.

*Car.* I see thou wou'd'st not lose any thing for want of asking.

*Tea.* I can't afford it.

*Car.* Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpence for thy confidence.

*Tea.* By my troth it is too little; give me another sixpence-halfpenny, and I'll drink your health.

*Car.* How long hast thou been in England?

*Tea.* Ever since I came here, and longer too, faith.

*Car.* What hast thou done since thou cam'st into England?

*Tea.* Serv'd Heaven, and St. Patrick, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes, indeed.

*Car.* And what dost thou do now?

*Tea.* Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

*Car.* Why, where's thy master?

*Tea.* He's dead, master, and left poor Teague. Upon my soul he never serv'd poor Teague so before in all his life.

*Car.* Who was thy master?

*Tea.* E'en the good Colonel Danger.

*Car.* He was my dear and noble friend.

*Tea.* Yes, that he was, and poor Teague's too.

*Car.* What dost thou mean to do?

*Tea.* I will get a good master, if any good master wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul; for I went to one Lilly's; he lives at that house, at the end of an other house, by the maypole house, and tells every body by one star, and t'other star, what good look they shall have, but he can'd not tell nothing for poor Teague.

*Car.* Why, man?

*Tea.* Why, 'tis done by the stars and the planets; and he told me there was no stars for Irishmen. I told him there was as many stars in Ireland as in England, and more too; and if a good master cannot get me, I will run into Ireland, and see if the stars be not there still; and if they be, I will come back, and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good look, and some stars.

*Car.* Poor fellow! I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest.—Hast thou any trade?

*Tea.* Bo, bub bub bo! a trade, a trade! an Irishman with a trade! an Irishman scorns a trade; his blood is too thick for a trade. I will run for thee forty miles; but I scorn to have a trade.

*Blunt.* Alas, poor simple fellow!

*Car.* I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince and friend. Well, Teague, what say'st thou, if I will take thee?

*Tea.* Why, I say, you cou'd not do a better thing.

*Car.* Thy master was my dear friend; wilt thou with him when he was kill'd?

*Tea.* Yes, upon my soul, that I was; and I did howl over him, and I ask'd over him why he died, but the devil burn the word he said to me; and I said I said kissing his sweet face, till the rogues came upon me, and took all away from me, and left me nothing but this mantle; I have never any rituals, neither, but a little snuff.

*Car.* Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

*Tea.* That I will, if you will be good to poor Teague.

*Car.* Now, to our business; for I came but last night myself; and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

*Blunt.* One may serve us all; what say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

*Lieu.* Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a beifer of their own.

*Car.* Now I think on't, Blunt, why didst not thou begin with the committee-man's cow?

*Blunt.* Plague on her, she lowbell'd me so, that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dæd lark.

*Lieu.* But, hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-lustrating dose to be swallow'd first; there's a covenant to be taken.

*Tea.* Well, what is that covenant? By my soul I will take it for my new master.

*Car.* Thank thee, Teague—A covenant, say'st thou?

*Tea.* Well, where is that covenant?

*Car.* We'll not swear, lieutenant.

*Lieu.* You must have no land, then.

*Blunt.* Then, farewell acres, and may the dirt choke 'em.

*Car.* 'Tis but being reduc'd to Teague's equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

*Tea.* Oh, you shall have your belly full of it.

*Lieu.* Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge; for, know, I am married to a most illustrious person, that had a kindness for me.

*Car.* Pry'thee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

*Lieu.* Why, you see there are stars in England, tho' none in Ireland. Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

[*Ex. Blunt and Lieutenant.*]

*Car.* Come, Teague; however, I have a suit of cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by the blanket for some time. It may be, thee and I may be reduced together to thy country fashion.

*Tea.* Upon my soul, joy, I will carry thee to my little estate in Ireland.

*Car.* Hast thou got an estate?

*Tea.* By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature, that if you had it for nothing, you wou'd fear to make your money of it.

*Car.* Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mr. Day.* Welcome, sweet duck; I profess thou hast brought home good company, indeed; money and money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this heirless, Mrs. Arbella, for our son Abel.

*Mrs. Day.* If we can! you are wiser at your izz; you're afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you one if more, that is, if I did not bear you up, your heart wou'd be down in your breeches at every turn. Well, if I were gone—there's another if for you.

*Mr. Day.* I profess thou sayest true; I should

not know what to do, indeed. I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing; I had ne'er got Ruth, nor her estate, into my fingers else.

*Mrs. Day.* Nay, in that business, too, you were at your izz. Now, you see the goes currently for our own daughter: and this Arbella shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

*Mr. Day.* If we cou'd but do that, wife!

*Mrs. Day.* Yet again at your izz.

*Mr. Day.* I have done, I have done; to your counsel, good duck; you know I depend upon that.

*Mrs. Day.* You may, well enough; you find the sweet on't; and, to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it. In truth they are ready to call me the committee-man; they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

*Mr. Day.* Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

*Mrs. Day.* In the first place, (observe how I lay a design in politicks) d'ye mark? counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his interest under-hand. Very good; and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody. Then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the composition of Arbella's estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to Abel.

*Mr. Day.* Excellent.

*Mrs. Day.* Mark the luck on't too, their names found alike; Abel and Arbella, they are the same to a trifle; it seemeth a providence.

*Mr. Day.* Thou observest right, duck; thou canst see as far into a mill-stone as another.

*Mrs. Day.* Pish! do not interrupt me.

*Mr. Day.* I do not, good duck, I do not.

*Mrs. Day.* You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse. Then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That language is understood amongst you, I take it, ha?

*Mr. Day.* Yes, yes, we use those items often.

*Mrs. Day.* Well, interrupt me not.

*Mr. Day.* I do not, good wife.

*Mrs. Day.* You do not, and yet you do. By this means get her composition put wholly into your hands; and then, no Abel, no land—But, in the mean time, I would have Abel do his part, too.

*Mr. Day.* Ay, ay, there's a want; I found it.

*Mrs. Day.* Yes, when I told you so before.

*Mr. Day.* Why, that's true, duck, he is too backward; if I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, you'd do wonders! But, now I think on't, there may be some use made of Ruth; 'tis a notable, witty harlotry.

*Mr. Day.* Aye, and so she is, duck; I always thought so.

*Mrs. Day.* You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first.—Let me see.—It shall be so; we'll set her to instruct Abel, in the first place; and then to incline Arbella: they are hand and glove; and women can do much with one another.

*Mr. Day.* Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.

*Mrs. Day.* Pray, tell her in; you thought of that, too, did you not?

*Mr. Day.* I will, duck. Ruth! why, Ruth!

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Your pleasure, Sir?



*Mr. Day.* Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that—

*Mrs. Day.* Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, Ruth; you may do a business that may not be the worse for you. You know I use but few words.

*Ruth.* What does she call a few? [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Look you, now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter; my husband and I do design this Mrs. Arbella for our son Abel, and the young fellow is not forward enough. You conceive? Pr'ythee give him a little instructions how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her. Then work on Arbella, on the other side; work, I say, my good girl; no more, but so. You know my custom is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little; you shan't repent it.

*Mr. Day.* And I say something, too, Ruth.

*Mrs. Day.* What need you? Don't you see it all laid ready to your hand. What sayest thou, girl?

*Ruth.* I shall do my best—I would not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Go, call Abel, good girl. [*Exit Ruth.*] By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves, if the king should come; you'll be hanged else.

*Mr. Day.* Oh, good wife, let's secure ourselves by all means. There's a wise saying: 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

*Mrs. Day.* You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

*Enter Ruth with Abel.*

*Mr. Day.* O, son Abel, d'ye hear—

*Mrs. Day.* Pray, hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own tale—D'ye hear, son Abel; I have formerly told you that Arbella would be a good wife for you: a word's enough to the wife; some endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister Ruth, to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her directions, as you'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha, boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate! Well, 'tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be! Be sure you follow your sister's directions.

*Mr. Day.* Be sure, boy—Well said, duck, I say. [*Exit Mr. and Mrs. Day.*]

*Ruth.* Now, brother Abel.

*Abel.* Now, sister Ruth.

*Ruth.* Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.*] Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, Mrs. Arbella?

*Abel.* I have not known her a week yet.

*Ruth.* O, cry your mercy, good brother Abel. Well, to begin then, you must alter your posture, and always hold up your head, as if it were bolster'd up with high matters; your hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

*Abel.* Must I go apace, or softly?

*Ruth.* O, gravely, by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty considerations—so—Very well. Now, to apply our prescription. Suppose, now, that I were your mistress, Arbella, and met you by accident—Keep your posture, so—and when you come just to me, start like a horse that has spy'd something on one side of him, and give a little glide out of the way, declaring that you did not see her before, by reason of your deep contemplations. Then you must speak. Let's hear,

*Abel.* Save you, mistress.

*Ruth.* O, fie, man! you shou'd begin thus: Pardon, Mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so buried that I did not see you—

and then, as she answers, proceed: I know what she'll say, I am so used to her.

*Abel.* This will do well, if I forget it not.

*Ruth.* Well, try once.

*Abel.* Pardon, Mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

*Ruth.* Better sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you're perfect. Then she will answer, Sir, I suppose you are so busied with state affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

*Abel.* No, forsooth, I have some profound contemplations, but no state-affairs.

*Ruth.* O, fie, man! you must confess that the weighty affairs of state lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burden you must bear. And then shrug your shoulders.

*Abel.* Must I say so? I am afraid my mother will be angry, for she takes all the state matters upon herself.

*Ruth.* Pish! Did she not charge you to be ruled by me? Why, man, Arbella will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with parliament-men and committee-men; how should she hope for any good by you else in her composition?

*Abel.* I apprehend you now! I shall observe.

*Ruth.* 'Tis well; at this time I'll say no more; put yourself in your posture—so—Now go look your mistress; I'll warrant you the town's our own.

*Abel.* I go. [*Exit Abel.*]

*Ruth.* Now I have fixed him, not to go off till he discharges on his mistress. I could burst with laughing.

*Enter Arbella.*

*Arb.* What dost thou laugh at, Ruth?

*Ruth.* Didst thou meet my brother Abel?

*Arb.* No.

*Ruth.* If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard-head with thee.

*Arb.* What dost thou mean?

*Ruth.* Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my superiors; and have instructed him to hold up his head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

*Arb.* Who is he to woo?

*Ruth.* Even thy own sweet self.

*Arb.* Out upon him!

*Ruth.* Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any thing before-hand. They have sent to Lilly; and his learning being built upon knowing what most people would have him say, he has told them for a certain, that Abel shall have a rich heiress; and that must be you.

*Arb.* Must be?

*Ruth.* Yes, committee-men can compel more than stars.

*Arb.* I fear this too late. You are their daughter, Ruth.

*Ruth.* I deny that.

*Arb.* How!

*Ruth.* Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your confidence in me.

*Arb.* You amaze me.

*Ruth.* Pray, do not wonder, nor suspect—When my father, Sir Basil Thoroughgood, died, I was very young: 'tis too long to tell you how this rascal, being a trustee, catch'd me and my estate, and now for some years has confirmed his unjust power by the unlawful power of the times. I fear they have designs as bad as this on you. You see I have

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no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your friendship?

*Arb.* I embrace it with as much clearness. Let us love and assist one another.—Would they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

*Ruth.* No doubt, or keep your composition from you!

*Arb.* 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands; foolishly enticed by fair words and large promises of assistance.

*Ruth.* Peace!

*Enter Obadiah.*

*Obad.* Mrs. Ruth, my master is demanding your company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. Arbella; you will find them in the parlour. The committee being ready to sit, calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order the weighty matters of state, for their wife and honourable inspection.

*[Exit.*

*Ruth.* We come.—Come, dear Arbella, never be perplexed; cheerful spirits are the best bladders to swim with: if thou art sad, the weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their daughter. Another time thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

*Arb.* Come, wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our humours; they shall be free still!

*[Exeunt.*

## A C T II.

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* FAITH, my sweet master has sent me to a rascal; I have a great mind to go back and tell him so. He asked me, why he could not send one that cou'd speak English. Upon my soul, I was going to give him an Irish knock. The devil's in them all, they will not talk with me. I will go near to knock this man's pate, and that man Lilly's pate too—that I will: I will teach them to prate to me. *[One cries Books within.]* How now, what noise are that?

*Enter Bookseller.*

*Book.* New books, new books! A desperate plot and engagement of the bloody cavaliers! Mr. Saltmarsh's sermon to the nation, after having been three days dead; Mercurius Britannicus, &c.

*Tea.* How's that? They cannot live in Ireland after they are dead three days!

*Book.* Mercurius Britannicus, or the Weekly Post; or The Solemn League and Covenant.

*Tea.* What is that you say? Is it the covenant you have?

*Book.* Yes; what then, Sir?

*Tea.* Which is that covenant?

*Book.* Why, this is the covenant.

*Tea.* Well, I must take that covenant.

*Book.* You take my commodities:

*Tea.* I must take that covenant, upon my soul, now.

*Book.* Stand off, Sir, or I'll set you farther.

*Tea.* Well, upon my soul now, I will take that covenant for my master.

*Book.* Your master must pay me for't then?

*Tea.* I must take it first, and my master will pay you afterwards.

*Book.* You must pay me now—

*Tea.* Oh, that I will!—*[Knocks him down.]* Now you're paid, you thief o' the world. Here's cove-nants enough to poison the whole nation. *[Exit.*

*Book.* What a devil ails this fellow? *[Crying.]* He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two pennyworth of lamentable ware away. But I feel the rascal's fingers. I may light upon my wild Irishman again, and if I do, I will fix him with some catchpoles that shall be worse than his own country bogs. *[Exit.*

*Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieut. Story.*

*Lieu.* And what say you, noble colonels? How, and how d'ye like my lady? I gave her the title of illustrious, from those illustrious commodities which she deals in, hot water and tobacco.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, how can'st thou to think of marrying?

*Lieu.* Why, that which hinders other men prompted me to matrimony, hunger and cold, colonel.

*Car.* See where Teague comes. Goodness, how he smiles! Why so merry, Teague?

*Enter Teague, smiling.*

*Tea.* I have done a thing for you indeed.

*Car.* What hast thou done, man?

*Tea.* Guess.

*Car.* I can't.

*Tea.* Why, then, guess again—I have taken the covenant.

*Car.* How came you by it?

*Tea.* Very honestly; I knocked a fellow down in the street, and took it from him.

*Car.* Was there ever such a fancy? Why, didst thou think this was the way to take the covenant?

*Tea.* I am sure it is the shortest, and the cheapest way to take it.

*Blunt.* I am pleased yet with the poor fellow's mistaken kindness; I dare warrant him honest, to the best of his understanding.

*Car.* This fellow, I prophesy, will bring me into many troubles by his mistakes: I must send him on no errand but, How d'ye: and to such as I wou'd have no answer from again.—Yet his simple honesty prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

*Lieu.* Come, gentlemen, time calls—How now, who's this?

*Enter Obadiah, and four Persons more, with Papers.*

*Car.* I am a rogue if I have not seen a picture in hangings walk as fast.

*Blunt.* 'Slife, man, this is that good man of the committee family that I told thee of, the very clerk; how the rogue's loaded with papers! Those are the winding-sheets to many a poor gentleman's estate. 'Twere a good deed to burn them all.

*Car.* Why, thou art not mad?—Well met, Sir; pray do not you belong to the committee of sequestrations?

*Obad.* I do belong to that honourable committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

*Blunt.* Oh, plague! what work, ras—

*Car.* Pr'ythee, be quiet, man—Are they to sit presently?

*Obad.* As soon as I can get ready; my presence being material. *[Exit.*

*Car.* What, wert thou mad? Wouldst thou have beaten the clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the rascals his masters?

*Blunt.* The sight of any of the villains sits me.

*Lieu.* Come, colonels, there's no trifling, let's make haste, and prepare your business; let's not lose this sitting.—Come along, Teague. *[Exeunt.*

*Enter Arbella at one Door, Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.*

*Arb.* What's the meaning of this? I'll try to steal by him.

*Abel.* Pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

*Arb.* This is a set form—they allow it in every thing, but their prayers. [*Aside.*]

*Abel.* Now you should speak, forsooth.

*Arb.* What should I say, Sir?

*Abel.* What you please, forsooth.

*Arb.* Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

*Enter Ruth, as over-bearing them, and peeps.*

*Ruth.* This is lucky.

*Abel.* No, forsooth, 'tis I that was not to see you.

*Arb.* Why, Sir, wou'd your mother be angry if you shou'd?

*Abel.* No, no, quite contrary—I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie heavy upon my neck and shoulders. [*Shrugs.*]

*Arb.* Wou'd he were tied neck and heels!—This is a notable wench—look where the rascal peeps too—if I shou'd beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolved not to relieve me. [*Aside.*]

*Abel.* Something I can do, and that with somebody; that is, with those that are somebodies.

*Arb.* Whist, whist. [*Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her head.*—] Pr'ythee, have some pity. Oh, unmerciful girl!

*Abel.* I know parliament-men, and sequestrators: I know committee-men, and committee-men know me.

*Arb.* You have great acquaintance, Sir?

*Abel.* Yes, they ask my opinion sometimes—

*Arb.* What weather 'twill be. Have you any skill, Sir?

*Abel.* When the weather is not good, we hold a fast.

*Arb.* And then it alters?

*Abel.* Assuredly.

*Arb.* In good time—No mercy, wench?

*Abel.* Our profound contemplations are caused by the consternation of our spirits for the nation's good; we are in labour.

*Arb.* And I want a deliverance.—Hark ye, Ruth, take off your dog, or I'll turn bear indeed.

*Ruth.* I dare not; my mother will be angry.

*Arb.* Oh, hang you!

*Abel.* You shall perceive that I have some power, if you please to—

*Arb.* Oh, I am pleased, Sir, that you shou'd have power! I must look out my hoods and scarfs, Sir; 'tis almost time to go.

*Abel.* If it were not for the weighty matters of state which lie upon my shoulders, myself wou'd look them.

*Arb.* Oh, by no means, Sir; 'tis below your greatness—Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Why, how now, Abel? Got so close to me, Arbella, so close indeed! Nay, then I smell something.—Well, Mr. Abel, you have been so us'd to study in counsel and weighty matters, that you have it at your fingers' ends.—Nay, look ye, mistress, look ye, look ye—mark Abel's eyes; ah, there he looks.—Ruth, thou art a good girl; I find Abel has got ground.

*Arb.* I forbore to come in, till I saw your honour first enter; but I have o'er-heard all.

*Mrs. Day.* And how has Abel behaved himself, wench?

*Ruth.* Oh, beyond expectation! He'll not need much teaching; you may turn him loose.

*Arb.* Oh, this plaguy wench!

*Mrs. Day.* Say'st thou so, girl? It shall be something in thy way; a new gown, or so; it may be a better penny.—Well said, Abel, I say; I did think thou wou'dst come out with a piece of thy mother's at last.—But I had forgot, the committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mrs. you are crafty; you have made your composition before-hand. Ah, this Abel's as bad as a whole committee: take that item from me. Come, make haste, call the coach, Abel. Well said, Abel, I say.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Day and Abel.*]

*A Table set out.*

*The Committee, and Obadiah ordering books and papers.*

*Obad.* Shall I read your honours last order, and give you the account of what you last debated?

*Mrs. Day.* I first crave your favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable board, in which I shall discover unto you my own sincerity, and zeal to the good cause.

*1 Com.* Proceed, Sir.

*Mrs. Day.* The business is contained in this letter: 'tis from no less a man than the king; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit here. Is it your pleasure that our clerk should read it?

*2 Com.* Yes, pray give it him.

*Obad.* [*Reads.*] "Mr. Day, we have received good intelligence of your great worth and ability, especially in state-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any preferment, or honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my intire friend. Pray remember my love and service to your discreet wife, and acquaint her with this; whose wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wife consideration, I remain, Your friend, C. K."

*1 Com.* C. K!

*Mrs. Day.* Ay, that's for the king.

*1 Com.* I suspect. [*Aside.*] Who brought you this letter?

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, fie upon't! my wife forgot that particular. [*Aside.*] Why, a fellow left it for me, and thrunk away when he had done. I warrant you, he was afraid I should have laid hold on him. You, see, brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my reward; and I have now a business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

*2 Com.* This letter was counterfeited certainly.

[*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* But first be pleased to read your last order.

*2 Com.* What does he mean? That concerns me.

[*Aside.*]

*Obad.* The order is, that the composition arising out of Mr. Lashley's estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. Nathaniel Catch, for and in respect of his sufferings and good service.

*Mrs. Day.* It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the day of trouble, when the common enemy shall endeavour to raise commotions in the land, and disturb our new-built Zion. I desire this honourable board to understand that my wife being at Reading, and to come up in the stage-coach, it happened that one Mrs. Arbella, a rich heiress of one of the cavalier party, came up also in the same coach. Her father being newly dead, and her estate before being under sequestration, my wife, who has a notable pate of her own (you all know her) presently call about to get her for my son Abel; and accordingly invited her to my house; where, though time was



but short, yet my son Abel made use of it. Give me leave to tell you my wife is without, together with the gentlewoman that is to compound. She will needs have a finger in the pie. I hope, brethren, that you will please to cast the favour of your countenances unto Ab'l.

2 Com. You wrong us to doubt it, brother Day. Call in the compounders.

Obad. Call in the compounders.

Porter. Come in, the compounders.

Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth; and after them the Colonels and Teague; they give the Door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.

Mr. Day. Come, duck, I have told the honourable committee that you are one that will need endeavour to do good for this gentlewoman.

2 Com. We are glad, Mrs. Day, that any occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. Day. I thank your honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your eyes.

Mr. Day. Come on, son Abel, what have you to say?

Ab'l. I come unto your honours, full of profound contemplations for this gentlewoman.

Arb'l. 'Slife, he's at's lesson, wench.

[Aside to Ruth.

Ruth. Peace—Which whelp opens next? Oh, the wolf is going to bark.

[Aside.

Mrs. Day. May it please your honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my son Abel has settled his affections on this gentlewoman, and desires your honours favour to be shewn unto him in her composition.

2 Com. Say you so, Mrs. Day? Why the committee have taken it into their serious and pious consideration; together with Mr. Day's good service, upon some knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. Day. That was the letter I invented. [Aside.

2 Com. And the composition of this gentlewoman is consigned to Mr. Day; that is, I suppose, to Mr. Abel, and so, consequently, to the gentlewoman. You may be thankful, mistress, for such good fortune; your estate's discharged; Mr. Day shall have the discharge.

Blunt. Oh, damn the vultures!

[Aside.

Car. Peace, man.

[Aside.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful, when I understand the benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a woman can be a delinquent, I desire to know my public censure, not to be left in private hands.

2 Com. Be contented, gentlewoman; the committee does this in favour of you. We understand how easily you can satisfy Mr. Abel; you may, if you please, be Mrs. Day.

Ruth. And then, good night to all.

[Aside.

Arb. How, gentlemen! are you private marriage-jobbers? D'ye make markets for one another?

2 Com. How's this, gentlewoman?

Blunt. A brave, noble creature!

[Aside.

Car. Thou art smitten Blunt; that other female too, methinks, shoots fire this way.

[Aside.

Tea. Take care she don't burn your wig.

Mrs. Day. I desire your honours to pardon her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 Com. Gentlewoman, the committee, for Mrs. Day's sake, passes by your expressions; you may be your own enemy, if you will.

Arb. My own enemy!

Ruth. Pr'ythee, peace! 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways.

[Aside.

2 Com. Come on, gentlemen! What's your case?

[To the Colonels.

Ruth. Arbella, there's the downright cavalier that came up in the coach with us—On my life, there's a sprightly gentleman with him.

[While they speak, the Colonels pull the papers out, and deliver 'em.

Car. Our business is to compound for our estates; of which here are the particulars, which will agree with your own survey.

Tea. And here's the particulars of Teague's estate, forty cows, and the devil a bull amongst them.

Obad. The particulars are right.

Mr. Day. Well, gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase; the first payment down, the other at six months end, and the estate to be cured it.

Car. Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 Com. 'Tis our rule.

Car. Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful debts.

2 Com. But, gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the covenant. You have not taken it yet, have you?

Car. No.

Tea. Upon my shoul, but he has now: I took it for him, and he has taken it from me.

2 Com. What fellow's that?

Car. A poor simple fellow, that serves me. Peace, Teague.

Tea. Why, did not I knock the fellow down?

2 Com. Well, gentlemen, it remains, whether you'll take the covenant?

Tea. Why, he has taken it.

Car. This is strange, and differs from your own principle, to impose on other men's consciences.

Mr. Day. Pish! we are not here to dispute; we act according to our instructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it; therefore your answer.

Tea. Was it for nothing I took the—

Car. Hold your tongue. No, we will not take it. Much good may it do them that have swallows large enough; 'twill work one day in their stomachs.

Blunt. The day may come, when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded.

Mr. Day. Ay, ay, you make an idol of that honour.

Blunt. Our worship, then, are different; you make that your idol which brings you interest, we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave gentlemen!

[Aside.

Ruth. I stare at them till my eyes ache.

[Aside.

2 Com. Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits. Know, we must keep our rules and instructions, lest we lose what providence hath put into our hands.

Car. Providence! such as thieves rob by.

2 Com. What's that, Sir? Sir, you are to be sold.

Car. Why in good sooth you may give loose to me to speak; I hope your honours, out of your sense of compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing acres.

Mr. Day. It is well you are so merry.

Car. O, ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts: faith, would I might ask one question!

2 Com. Swear not then.

Car. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods; there's a Rowland for your Oliver.

Tea. There's an Oliver for your Rowland, takes that till the pot-boils.

Car. My question—Only, which of all you is to

have our estates; or will you make traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 Com. You grow abusive.

Blunt. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable persons that will be pleased to be our house-keepers, to keep them in good reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the covenant.

2 Com. You'll think better on't, and take this covenant.

Car. We will be as rotten, first, as their hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, Arbella, we'll have these two men; there are not two such again to be had for love nor money.

Mr. Day. Well, gentlemen, your follies light upon your own heads; we have no more to say.

Car. Why then hoist sails for a new world—

Tea. Ay, for old Ireland.

Car. D'y'hear, Blunt, what gentlewoman is that?

Blunt. 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.

Car. I'll go speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty covenant.

Blunt. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

Car. Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune, not to be troubled with the covenant.

Arb. If they do, I'll not take it.

Blunt. Brave lady! I must love her against my will—

Car. For you, pretty one, I hope your portion will be enlarged by our misfortunes. Remember your benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

Car. Without taking the covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another oath.

Car. Upon your lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

Blunt. Pr'ythee come! Is this a time to spend in fooling?

Car. Now have I forgot every thing.

Blunt. Come, let's go.

2 Com. Gentlemen, void the room.

Car. Sure 'tis impossible that kite should get that pretty merlin.

Blunt. Come, pr'ythee let's go; these muck-worms will have earth enough to stop their mouths with, one day.

Car. Pray use our estates husband-like; and so, our most honourable bailiffs, farewell. [Exeunt.]

Tea. Ay, bum-bailiffs rascals—

Mr. Day. You are rude. Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Por. Come forth, ye there; this is not a place for such as you.

Tea. Devil burn me, but ye are a rascal, that you are.

Por. And please your honours, this profane Irishman swore an oath at the door, even now, when I should have put him out.

2 Com. Let him pay for't.

Por. Here you must pay, or lie by the heels.

Tea. What must I pay by the heels? I will not pay by the heels. Master, ubbub boo!

Enter Careless.

Car. What's the matter?

Tea. This gander-fac'd gag says, I must pay by the heels.

Car. What have you done?

Tea. Only swore a bit of an oath.

Car. Here's a shilling, pay for't, and come along.

Tea. [Exit.]

Tea. Well, I have not curs'd, how much had that been?

Por. That had been but six-pence.

Tea. Och, if I had but one six-pence-half-penny in the world, but I would give it for a curse to ease my stomach on you. My money is like a wild colt, I am oblig'd to drive it upon a corner to catch it. I have hold of it by the scuff of the neck. Here, Mister, there's the shilling for the oath. And there's the sixpence-half-penny for you, for the curse, before-hand; and now, my curse and the curse of Cromwell, light upon you all, you thieves, you. [Knocks down the Porter, and exit.]

Mrs. Day. Has this honourable board any other commands?

2 Com. Nothing farther, good Mrs. Day.—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for, but be grateful and kind to Mr. Abel.

Arb. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

Mrs. Day. The gentlewoman needeth no doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. Day. I pray withdraw; the committee has pass'd their order, and they must now be private.

Com. Nay, pray, mistress, withdraw.

[Exeunt all but the Committee.]

Mr. Day. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn till Monday. And so peace remain with you. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. BY my faith, a sad story. I did apprehend this covenant would be the trap.

Car. Never did any rebels fish with such cormorants; no stoppage about their throats: the rascals are all swallow.

Enter Teague.

How now, Teague! what says the learned—

Tea. Well then, upon my shoul, the man in the great cloak, with the long sleeves, is mad, that he is.

Car. Mad, Teague!

Tea. Yes i'faith is he; he said, I was sent to make game of him.

Car. Why, what didst thou say to him?

Tea. I asked him if he would take any counsel.

Car. 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dst him. Why, thou shouldst have asked him when we might have come for counsel.

Tea. Well, that is all one, is it not? If we would take any counsel, or you would take any counsel, is not that all one then?

Car. Was there ever such a mistake?

Blunt. Pr'ythee never be troubled at this; we are past counsel. If we had but a friend amongst them, that could but slide us by this covenant.

Car. Nothing anger'd me so, as that my old kitchen-stuff acquaintance turned her head another way, and seem'd not to know me.

Blunt. How! kitchen-stuff acquaintance?

Car. Mrs. Day, that commanded the party in the stage-coach, was my father's kitchen-maid, and in days of yore was called Gillian.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel; what if you did visit this translated kitchen-maid?

Tea. Well, how is that? a kitchen-maid! where is she now?

Blunt. The Lieutenant advises well.

*Car.* Nay, nay, nay; in the first place, I'll send Teague to her, to tell her I have a little business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

*Blunt.* We shall have Teague mistake again.

*Tea.* I will not mistake the kitchen-maid. Whither must I go now, to mistake that kitchen-maid? *Car.* But do you hear, Teague? you must take no notice of that, upon thy life; but, on the contrary, at every word you must say, your ladyship, and your honour. As for example, when you have made a leg, you must begin thus: My master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your ladyship. [*Teague turns his back on the Col.*] Blockhead, you must not turn your back.

*Tea.* Oh, no, Sir, I always turn my face to a lady—But was she your father's kitchen-maid?

*Car.* Why, what then?

*Tea.* Upon my soul, I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

*Car.* Not for a hundred pounds, Teague; you must be sure to set your countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

*Tea.* If I should think then of any kettles, or spits, or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen, I should laugh then, should I not?

*Car.* Not for a thousand pounds, Teague; thou mayest undo us all.

*Tea.* Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one side, and t'other side. Well now, where does this Mrs. Tay live.

*Lieu.* Come, Teague, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the house, that thou mayest not mistake that, however.

*Tea.* Shew me the door, and I'll find the house myself.

*Car.* Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant.

*Tea.* O, Sir, what is Mrs. Tay's name?

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mrs. Day, Arbella, Ruth, and Abel.*

*Mrs. Day.* Well, Mrs. Arbella, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much consideration for your own good; you may have your estate, and you may have Abel, and you may be worse offer'd—Abel, tell her your mind; ne'er stand, shilly, shally—Ruth, does she incline, or is she wilful?

*Ruth.* I was just about the point, when your honour interrupted us. One word in your Ladyship's ear.

*Abel.* You see, forsooth, that I am somebody, though you make nobody of me; you see I can prevail; therefore, pray, say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand shilly, shally.

*Arb.* You are hasty, Sir.

*Abel.* I am called upon by important affairs; and therefore I must be bold, in a fair way, to tell you, that it lies upon my spirit exceedingly.

*Arb.* Saffron posset-drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirit.

*Abel.* Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

*Arb.* You do, I hope, Sir; and 'tis no matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* Well, now, who are all you?

*Arb.* What's here, an Irish elder come to examine us all?

*Tea.* Well, now, what is your names, every one?

*Ruth.* Arbella, this is a servant to one of the colonels; upon my life, 'tis the Irishman that took the covenant the right way.

*Arb.* Peace, what should it mean?

*Tea.* Well, cannot some of you all say nothing, without speaking?

*Mrs. Day.* Why, how now, saucebox! what would you have? What, have you left your manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

*Tea.* What should I fetch now?

*Mrs. Day.* D'you know who you speak to, sirrah?

*Tea.* Yes, I do; and it is little my own mother thought I should speak to the like of you.

*Abel.* You must not be saucy to her honour.

*Tea.* Well, I will knock you down, if you be saucy, with my hammer.

*Ruth.* This is miraculous!

*Tea.* Is there none of you that I must speak to, now?

*Arb.* Now, wench, if he should be sent to us!

[*Aside.*]

*Tea.* Well; I would have one Mrs. Tay speak unto me?

*Mrs. Day.* Well, sirrah, I am she; what's your business?

*Tea.* O, are you there, with yourself, Mrs. Tay—Well, I will look well first, and I will set my face, and tell her my message. [*Aside.*] My master, the good Colonel Careless, bid me ask thy good ladyship—Upon my soul, now, the laugh will come upon my mouth, in spite of me.

[*He laughs always when he says ladyship or honour.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Sirrah, sirrah! What, were you sent to abuse me?

*Ruth.* As sure as can be.

[*Aside.*]

*Tea.* I do not abuse thy good honour—I cannot help my laugh now. I will try again, now; I will not think of a kitchen, nor a dripping-pan, nor a mustard-pot—My master would know of your ladyship—

*Mrs. Day.* Did your master send you to abuse me, you rascal? By my honour, sirrah—

*Tea.* Why do you abuse yourself, now, joy?

*Mrs. Day.* How, sirrah! Do I mock myself? This is some Irish traitor.

*Tea.* I am no traitor, that I am not; I am an Irish rebel. You are cozen'd now.

*Mrs. Day.* Sirrah, sirrah, I will make you know who I am—An impudent Irish rascal!

*Abel.* He seemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold, seditious spirit.

*Mrs. Day.* You are a bloody rascal, I warrant ye.

*Tea.* You are a foolish, brabble-bribble woman, that you are.

*Abel.* Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs must punish your sauciness.

*Tea.* And we that are at the tail of affairs will punish your sauciness.

*Mrs. Day.* Ye rascally varlet, get out of my doors.

*Tea.* Will not I give you my message, then?

*Mrs. Day.* Get you out, rascal.

*Tea.* I pr'ythee let me tell my message.

*Mrs. Day.* Get you out, I say.

*Tea.* The devil burn your ladyship, and honourship, and kitchenship.

[*Exit.*]

*Mrs. Day.* How the villain has discomfited me! Out upon't too, that I have let the rascal go unpunish'd. And you [*To Abel.*] can stand by, like a sheep; run after him, then, and stop him. I'll have him laid by the heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me. Call help, as you go. Make haste, I say.

[*Exit Abel.*]

*Ruth.* 'Slid, Arbella, run after him, and save



the poor fellow for heaven's sake; stop Abel, by any means; that he may 'scape.

*Arb.* Keep his dam off, and let me alone with the puppy. [Exit.

*Ruth.* Fear not.

*Mrs. Day.* 'Uds my life, the rascal has heated me!—Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done.—A faucy villain!

*Ruth.* But I must needs acquaint your honour with one thing first, concerning Mrs. Arbella.

*Mrs. Day.* As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, wench?

*Ruth.* Most excellent! If you go out you may spoil all. Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless the accident that angered you.

*Mrs. Day.* Quickly then, girl!

*Ruth.* When you sent Abel after the Irishman, Mrs. Arbella's colour came and went in her face; and at last, not able to stay, she slunk away after him, for fear the Irishman should hurt him; she stole away, and blushed the prettiest.

*Mrs. Day.* I protest he may be hurt, indeed. I'll run, myself, too.

*Ruth.* By no means, forsooth. If you do not find she has stopped him, let me ever have your hatred Fray, credit me.

*Mrs. Day.* Come, good wench; I'll go in, and hear all at large. It shall be the best tale thou hast told these two days. Come, come, I long to hear all. Abel, for his part, needs no help by this time. Come, good wench. [Exit.

*Enter Col. Blunt, mistaken by Bailiffs.*

*Blunt.* At whose suit, rascals?

*1 Bail.* You shall know that time enough.

*Blunt.* Time enough, dogs! Must I wait your leisure?

*1 Bail.* Oh, you are a dangerous man! 'Tis such traitors as you that disturb the peace of the nation.

*Blunt.* Take that rascal. [Kicking him.] If I had any thing at liberty, besides my foot, I would bestow it on you.

*1 Bail.* You shall pay dearly for this kick, before you are let loose, and give good special bail. Mark that, my furly companion; we have you fast.

*Blunt.* 'Tis well, rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I should have made some of your scurvy souls my special bail.

*Enter Col. Careless.*

*Car.* How is this! Blunt in hold! You catch-pole, let go your prey, or—

[*Car. draws, and Blunt, in the scuffle, throws up one of their beels, gets a sword, and helps to drive them off.*

*1 Bail.* Murder, murder!

*Blunt.* Faith, Careless, this was worth thanks. I was fairly going.

*Car.* What was the matter, man?

*Blunt.* Why, an action or two for free quarter, now made trove and conversion. Nay, I believe we shall be sued with an action of trespass, for every field we have marched over; and be indicted for riots, for going at unreasonable hours above two in a company.

*Enter Teague, running.*

*Car.* Well, come, let's away.

*Tes.* Now, upon my shoul, run as I do; the men in red coats are running too, and they cry, murder, murder! I never heard such a noise in Ireland in all my life.

*Car.* Slife, we must shift several ways, 'Farewe', if we 'scape, we meet at night; I shall take heed now.

*Tes.* Shall I tell Mrs. Tay's message.

*Car.* Oh, good Teague, no time for messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*

*A noise within. Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.*

*1 Bail.* This way, this way! Oh, villains! My neighbour Swash, is hurt dangerously. Come, good soldiers, follow, follow.

*Enter Careless and Teague again.*

*Car.* I am quite out of breath, and the blood-hounds are in a full cry upon a burning scent; plague on 'em, what a noise the kennels make! What door's this, that graciously stands a little open? What an ass am I to ask? Teague, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this door, there you shall find me. Now, by your favour, landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Mrs. Day, and Obadiah.*

*Mrs. Day.* It was well observed, Obadiah, to bring the parties to me first. 'Tis your master's will that I shou'd, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In truth, in truth, I have too great a burden upon me; yet, for the public good, I am content to undergo it.

*Obad.* I shall, with sincere care, present unto your honour, from time to time, such negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your honour's inspection.

*Mrs. Day.* It will become you so to do. You have the present that came last?

*Obad.* Yes, and please your honour, the gentlewoman, concerning her brother's release, hath also sent in a piece of plate.

*Mrs. Day.* It's very well.

*Obad.* But the man without, about a bargain of the king's land, is come empty.

*Mrs. Day.* Bid him be gone; I'll not speak with him. He does not understand himself.

*Obad.* I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out Col. Careless meets him, and tumbles him back.*

*Mrs. Day.* Why, how now? What rude companion's this? What would you have? What's your business? What's the matter? Who sent you? Who do you belong to? Who—

*Car.* Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these interrogatories. You see I resolve to be your companion. I am a man; there's no great matter; nobody sent me; nor I belong to nobody. I think I have answer'd to the chief heads.

*Mrs. Day.* Thou hast committed murder, for aught I know. How is't Obadiah?

*Car.* Ha! What luck have I, to fall into the territories of my old kitchen acquaintance. I'll proceed upon the strength of Teague's message, tho' I had no answer. [Aside.

*Obad.* Truly he came forcibly upon me, and I fear has bruised some intellectuals within my stomach.

*Mrs. Day.* Go in, and take some Irish flat, by way of prevention, and keep yourself warm. [*Ex. Obad.*] Now, Sir, have you any business, that you came in so rudely, as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, Sir Roysser? Was not the porter at the gate?

*Car.* No, truly; the gate kept itself, and stood gaping, as if it had a mind to speak; and say, I pray come in.

*Mrs. Day.* Did it so, Sir? And what have you to say?

*Car.* Ay, there's the point.—Either she does not, or will not know me. What shou'd I say? How dull am I! Pox on't, this wit is like a common friend, when one has need of him, he won't come near one. [Aside.

*Mrs. Day.* Sir, are you studying for an invention? For aught I know, you have done some mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

*Car.* So, that's well; 'twas pretty to fall into the head-quarters of the enemy. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Nay, 'tis e'en so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

*Car.* Stay, thou mighty state's-woman; I did but give you time to see if your memory would but be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

*Mrs. Day.* What do you mean, fauce-box?

*Car.* There's a word yet of thy former employments: that fauce. You and I have been acquainted.

*Mrs. Day.* I do not use to have acquaintance with cavaliers.

*Car.* Nor I with committee-men's utensils; Lord, Lord, you are horribly forgetful. What, you think I should not know you, because you are disguised with curled hair, and white gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your sabbath-day's cinnamon waistcoat.

*Mrs. Day.* How, sirrah!

*Car.* And with your fair hands bath'd in lather; or with your fragrant breath driving the fleeting ambergrease off from the waving kitchen-stuff.

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, you are an impudent cavalier! I remember you now, indeed; but I'll—

*Car.* Nay, but hark you, the now honourable, non obstante past conditions; did I not send my footman, an Irishman, with a civil message to you? Why all this strangeness, then?

*Mrs. Day.* How, how, how's this! Was't you that sent that rascal to abuse me, was't he?

*Car.* How now! What, matters grow worse, and worse!

*Mrs. Day.* I'll teach you to abuse those that are in authority. Within there! who's within?

*Car.* 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth, if you raise an alarm. [*She cries out, he stops her mouth.*]

*Mrs. Day.* Stop my mouth, sirrah! whoo, whoo, ho!

*Car.* Yes, stop your mouth. What, are you good at a who-bub, ha?

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth.* What's the matter, forsooth?

*Mrs. Day.* The matter! Why here's a rude cavalier has broke into my house; 'twas he too, that sent the Irish rascal to abuse me, too, within my own walls. Call your father, that he may grant an order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.

*Car.* Nay, good, pretty gentlewoman, spare your motion.—What must become of me? Teague has made some strange mistakes. [*Aside.*]

*Ruth.* 'Tis he! What shall I do? Now, invention, be equal to my love. [*Aside.*] Why, your ladyship will spoil all. I sent for this gentleman, and enjoin'd him secrecy, even to yourself, till I had made his way. Oh, fie upon't, I am to blame; but, in truth, I did not think he would have come these two hours.

*Car.* I dare swear she did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

*Ruth.* How came you to come so soon, Sir? 'Twas three hours before you appointed.

*Car.* Hey-day! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose, presently. [*Aside.*]

*Ruth.* 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your honour, to make his desires known to your ladyship, that he had consider'd on't, and was resolv'd to take the covenant, and give you five hundred pounds, to make his peace, and bring his business about again, that he may be admitted in his first condition.

*Car.* What's this?—D'ye hear, pretty gentlewoman?

*Ruth.* Well, well, I know your mind; I have done your business.

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, his stomach's come down.

*Ruth.* Sweeten him again, and leave him to me: I warrant the five hundred pounds, and—[*Whispers.*]

*Car.* Now I have found it; this pretty wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her peril. [*Aside.*]

*Mrs. Day.* I understand thee—Well, Sir, I can pass by rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no intention of it. I leave you and my daughter to beget a right understanding. [*Exit Mrs. Day.*]

*Car.* We should beget sons and daughters sooner. What does all this mean? [*Aside.*]

*Ruth.* I am sorry, Sir, that your love for me should make you thus rash.

*Car.* That's more than you know; but you had a mind to be left alone with me, that's certain.

*Ruth.* 'Tis too plain, Sir; you'd ne'er have run yourself into this danger else.

*Car.* Nay, now you're out; the danger run after me.

*Ruth.* You may dissemble.

*Car.* Why, 'tis the proper business here; but we lose time; you and I are left to beget a right understanding. Come, which way?

*Ruth.* Whither?

*Car.* To your chamber or closet.

*Ruth.* But I'm engaged you shall take the covenant.

*Car.* No, I never swear when I am bid.

*Ruth.* But you would do as bad.

*Car.* That's not against my principles.

*Ruth.* Thank you for your fair opinion, good Signior Principle. There lies your way, Sir. However, I will owe so much kindness for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, to free you from the trouble you were like to fall into. Make me a leg, if you please, and cry, Thank you. And so the gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right understanding of you.

*Car.* No: I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus with flying colours. My pretty commander in chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true state of our treaty. The business in short is this: we differ seemingly upon two evils, and mine the least, and therefore to be chosen. You had better take me, than I take the covenant.

*Ruth.* We'll excuse one another.

*Car.* You would not have me take the covenant then?

*Ruth.* No; I did but try you. I forgive your idle looseness, for that firm virtue. Be constant to your fair principles, in spite of fortune.

*Car.* What's this got into petticoats! Are you not the committee-man's daughter?

*Ruth.* Yes. What then?

*Car.* Then am I thankful. I had no defence against thee and matrimony, but thy own father and mother, which are a perfect committee to my own nature.

*Ruth.* When the quarrel of the nation is reconciled, you and I shall agree: till then, Sir—

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* Are you here then? Upon my shoul, the good colonel Blunt is over-taken again now, and carried to the devil.

*Car.* How, taken and carried to the devil!

*Tea.* He desired to go to the devil; I wonder if my shoul he was not afraid.

*Car.* I understand it now. What mischief's this?

*Ruth.* You seem troubled, Sir.

*Car.* I have but a life to lose; that I am weary of. Come, Teague.

*Ruth.* Hold, you shan't go before I know the business. What d'ye talk of?

*Car.* My friend, my dearest friend, is caught up by rascally bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-tavern. Pray let me go.

*Ruth.* Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

*Car.* Yes, I do love you.

*Ruth.* Perhaps I may serve your friend.

*Enter Arbella.*

*O Arbella,* I was going to seek you.

*Arb.* What's the matter?

*Ruth.* The Colonel which thou likest, is taken by bailiffs; there's his friend too, almost distracted: You know the mercy of these times.

*Arb.* What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down.

*Ruth.* Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to smile upon Abel, and get him to bail him.

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

*Arb.* Look, where he and Obadiah come; sent hither by providence—Oh, Mr. Abel, where have you been this long time? Can you find of your heart to keep this out of my sight?

*Arb.* Assuredly some important affairs constrained my absence, as Obadiah can testify *bona fide*.

*Tea.* The devil break your bones a Friday.

*Obad.* I can do so, verily, myself being a material party.

*Car.* Pox on 'em, how slow they speak.

*Tea.* Speak faster.

*Arb.* Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight; I'll not be satisfied with you *bona fide*. I have some occasions that call me to go a little way; you shall e'en go with me, and good Obadiah too. You shall not deny me anything.

*Arb.* It is not meet I should: I am exceedingly exalted. Obadiah, thou shalt have the best bargain of all my tenants.

*Obad.* I am thankful.

*Arb.* Ruth, how shall we do, to keep thy swift mother from pursuing us?

*Ruth.* Let me alone; as I go by the parlour, where she sits, big with expectation, I'll give her a whisper, that we are going to fetch the very five hundred pounds.

*Arb.* How can that be?

*Ruth.* No question now. Will you march, Sir?

*Car.* Whither?

*Ruth.* Lords, how dull these men in love are!—Why, to your friend. No more words.

## A C T IV.

*Col. Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.*

*1 Bail.* **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get bail.

*Blunt.* Why, you unconscionable rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some fees? I'll perish in a dingleton, before I'll give you a farthing.

*1 Bail.* Chuse, chuse, Come, along with him.

*Blunt.* I'll not go your pace neither, rascal; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest gentleman.

*Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, Col. Carcleff and Obadiah.*

*1 Bail.* How now! are these any of your friends?

*Blunt.* Never, if you see women; that's a rule.

*Arb.* [To Abel.] Nay, you need have no scruple, 'tis a near kinsman of mine. You do not think, I hope, that I would let you suffer—You—that must be nearer than a kinsman to me.

*Arb.* But my mother doth not know it.

*Arb.* If that be all, leave it to me and Ruth; we'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my kinsman be in prison; he must convey my estate, as you appoint; for 'tis all in him. We must please him.

*Arb.* The consideration of that doth convince me, Obadiah, 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this gentleman, being a trustee for Mrs. Arbella's estate. Tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this gentleman—and, d'ye hear! tell them who I am.

*Obad.* I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. Abel Day, the first-born of the honourable Mr. Day, chairman of the committee of sequestrations; and I myself, by name Obadiah, am clerk to the said honourable committee.

*1 Bail.* Well, Sir, we know Mr. Day, and Mr. Abel.

*Arb.* Yes, that's I; and I will bail this gentleman. I believe you dare not except against the bail; nay, you shall have Obadiah's too, one that the State trusts.

*1 Bail.* With all our hearts, Sir.—But there are charges to be paid.

*Arb.* Here, Obadiah, take this purse, and discharge them, and give the bailiffs twenty shillings to drink.

*Car.* This is miraculous!

*1 Bail.* A brave lady!—I faith, mistress, we'll drink your health.

*Arb.* She's to be my wife, as sure as you are here: what say you to that now?

*1 Bail.* [Aside.] That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. Abel, the sheriff's deputy is hard by in another room, if you please to go thither, and give your bail, Sir.

*Arb.* Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am. [Exit Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.]

*Car.* Hark ye, pretty Mrs. Ruth, if you were not a committee-man's daughter, and so consequently against monarchy, two princes should have you and that gentlewoman.

*Ruth.* No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

*Car.* Do but swear then that thou art not the issue of Mr. Day; and, though I know 'tis a lie, I'll be content to be cozened, and believe.

*Ruth.* Fie, fie; you can't abide taking of oaths. Look, look, how your friends and mine take aim at one another. Is he smitten?

*Car.* Cupid has not such another wounded subject; nay, and is vex'd he is in love too. Troth, 'tis partly my own case.

*Ruth.* Peace! she begins, as need requires.

*Arb.* You are free, Sir.

*Blunt.* Not so free as you think.

*Arb.* What hinders it?

*Blunt.* Nothing, that I'll tell you.

*Arb.* Why, Sir?

*Blunt.* You'll laugh at me.

*Arb.* Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness? Pray let me know it.

*Blunt.* Upon two conditions you shall know it.

*Arb.* Well, make your own laws.



*Blunt.* First, I thank ye, y' have freed me nobly: I believe it; you have this acknowledgment from an honest heart, one that would crack a string for you; that's one thing.

*Abel.* Well, the other.

*Blunt.* The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you, together with your promise not to call me back: and upon these terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone.--Careless, come; stand ready; that, as the sign given, we may vanish together.

*Ruth.* If you please, Sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

*Blunt.* Be pleased to forbear, good smart gentlewoman: you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and I am just going; by your spleen's leave, a little patience.

*Abel.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Ruth.* I shall contain, Sir.

*Blunt.* That's much for a woman to do.

*Abel.* Now, Sir, perform your promise.

*Blunt.* Careless, have you done with your woman?

*Car.* Madam-----

*Blunt.* Nay, I have thanked her already; pr'ythee no more of that dull way of gratitude. Stand ready, man; yet nearer the door. So, now my misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above my sense or reason. So farewell, and laugh. Come, Careless.

*Car.* Ladies, our lives are yours. [Exeunt.]

*Ruth.* Was there ever such humour?

*Abel.* As I live, his confession shews nobly.

*Ruth.* It shews madly, I am sure. An ill-bred fellow! not indure a woman to laugh at him!

*Abel.* He's honest, I dare swear.

*Ruth.* That's more than I dare swear for my colonel.

*Abel.* Out upon him!

*Ruth.* Nay, 'tis but want of a good example; I'll make him so.

*Abel.* But d'ye hear, Ruth! we were horribly to blame that we did not enquire where they lodged, under pretence of sending to them about their own business.

*Ruth.* I have an invention upon the old account of the five hundred pounds, which shall make Abel send Obadiah to look 'em.

*Abel.* Excellent! the trout Abel will bite immediately at that bait.

*Enter Abel and Obadiah.*

*Ruth.* Peace! see where Abel and the gentle squire of low degree, Obadiah, approach, having newly entered themselves into bonds.

*Abel.* Which I'll be sure to tell his mother, if he be ever more troublesome.

*Ruth.* And that he's turned an arrant cavalier, by bailing one of the brood.

*Abel.* I have, according to your desires, given freedom to your kinsman and trustee. I suppose he hath perceived that you may have power in right of me.

*Abel.* Good Mr. Abel, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your authority.

*Ruth.* O, fie upon't, brother; I did forget to acquaint you with a business before the gentlemen went. O me, what a sieve-like memory have I! 'Twas an important affair too.

*Abel.* If you discover it to me, I shall render you my opinion upon the whole.

*Ruth.* The two gentlemen have repented of their obduracy, and would now present five hundred pounds to your good honourable mother, to stand their friend, that they may be permitted to take

the covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go before we knew where to send to them.

*Abel.* That was the want of being us'd to important affairs. It is ill to neglect the accepting of their conversion, together with their money.

*Ruth.* Well, there is but one way; Obadiah may enquire them out.

*Obad.* The bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil.

*Abel.* Hasten thither, good Obadiah, as if you had met my honourable father, and desire them to come unto his house, about an important affair, that is for their good.

*Obad.* I shall use expedition. [Exit.]

*Abel.* And we will hasten our being united in the bonds of matrimony.

*Abel.* Soft and fair goes far. [Exeunt.]

*Enter the two Colonels, and Teague, at the Tavern.*

*Car.* Did ever man get away so craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible business! afraid to tell a woman what she desired to hear. To leave a handsome woman; a woman that came to be bound body for body for thee, one that does that which no woman will hardly do again.

*Blunt.* What's that?

*Car.* Love thee, and thy blunt humour; a mere chance, man. Come, Teague, give us a song.

*Tea.* I am a cup too low.

*Car.* Here then. [Gives him a Glass.]

*Tea.* I should like to wet t'other eye.

*Car.* Here.

#### SONG by Teague.

I.

*Last Patrick-mass night 'bove all days in the year,  
I set out for London before I get there;  
But when I took leave of my own natural shore,  
O, wibbils-a-lu, I did screech, hawl, and rear.*

II.

*I did wake in the morning, while yet it was night,  
And could not see one bit of land but was quite out of  
fight;  
So, with tumbling and tossing, and jolting poor Teague,  
My stomach was sea-sick in less than a league.*

III.

*At Chester, to show my high birth and great mind,  
I took a place in the coach, but walk'd in it behind;  
The seas they did roar, and the winds were uncivil,  
And, upon my soul, I thought we were all blown to  
the devil.*

IV.

*At Coventry next, where you see Peeping Tom,  
Who was kill'd for a look at the Duchess's bum;  
But when her grace rid on her saddle all bare,  
Devil burn me, no wonder that old Suck did stare.*

*Enter Obadiah.*

*Car.* Peace, man, here's Jupiter's Mercury. Is his message to us, trow?

*Obad.* Gentlemen, you are opportunely overtaken and found out.

*Blunt.* How's this?

*Obad.* I come unto you in the name of the honourable Mr. Day, who desires to speak with you both about some important affair, which is conducting for your good.

*Blunt.* What train is this?

*Car.* Peace, let us not be rash.---Teague.

*Tea.* Eh!

*Car.* Were it not possible that you could entertain this fellow in the next room, till he were pretty drunk?

*Tea.* I warrant you, I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake. [Aside.]

*Car.* Be sure, Teague.—Some business, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your patience till we dispatch it. In the mean time, Sir, do us the favour to call for a glass of sack, in the next room; Teague shall wait upon you, and drink your master's health.

*Obad.* It needeth not; nor do I use to drink healths.

*Car.* None but your master's, Sir, and that by way of remembrance.

*Obad.* We that have the affairs of state under our tuition cannot long delay; my presence may be required for carrying on the work.

*Car.* Nay, Sir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an hour; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. Day presently. Pray, Sir, drink but one glass or two: we would wait upon you ourselves, but that would hinder us from going with you.

*Obad.* Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

*Car.* Go, wait upon him—Now, Teague, or never.

*Tea.* I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my shoul. *[Exeunt Teague and Obadiah.]*

*Blunt.* What a devil should this message mean?

*Car.* 'Tis too plain; this cream of committee rascals, who has better intelligence than a state-secretary, has heard of his son Abel's being hampered in the cause of the wicked, and in a revenge would intice us to perdition.

*Blunt.* If Teague could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

*Enter Musician.*

*Mus.* Gentlemen, will you have any musick?

*Blunt.* Pr'ythee no, we are both out of tune.

*Car.* Pish, we will never be out of humour.

*Enter Teague and Obadiah drunk.*

See and rejoice, where Teague with laurel comes.

*Blunt.* And the vanquished Obadiah, with nothing fixed about him but his eyes.

*Tea.* Well now, upon my shoul, Mr. Obadiah sings as well as the man now. Come then, will you sing an Irish song after me?

*Obad.* I will sing Irish for the king now.

*Tea.* I will sing for the king as well as you. Hark you now!

*[He sings an Irish song, and Obadiah tries.]*

# SONG.

*Oh, Teedy-suley, you are my darling,  
You are my looking-glass, both night and morning;  
I had rather have you without a farthing,  
Than Bryan Gaulebar, with his buse and garden.*

*La, rah, hdy.*

## II.

*O Norah, agra, I do not doubt you,  
And for that reason I kiss and mouth you;  
And if there was ten and twenty about you,  
Devil burn me, if I would go without you.*

*La, rah, hdy.*

*Obad.* That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these material matters.

*Tea.* Here, now, we will take some snuff for the king—So there, lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my shoul, Mr. Obad. Commit. will make a brave Irishman. Put this in your other nose.

*Obad.* I will snuff for the king no more. Good Mr. Teague, give me some more sack, and sing English, for my money.

*Tea.* I will tell you that Irish is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance. Can you play an Irish tune?

*[Dance, Obadiah tumbles down.]*

*Tea.* Obid, Obid! upon my soul I believe he's dead.

*Car.* Dead!

*Tea.* Dead drunk. Poor Obid is sick, and I will mull him some wine—I will put some spice in't. *[Puts some snuff into the funnel.]* Now I will howl over him as they do in Ireland: Oh, oh, oh.

*Car.* Peace, Teague, you'll alarm the enemy. Here's a shilling, call a chair, and let them carry him in this condition to his kind master. If you meet the ladies, say we would speak with them at the Lieutenant's.

*Tea.* Give me the thirteen, and I will give him an Irish sedan.

*Col.* How's that?

*Tea.* This way. *[Takes him by the heels, and draws him off.]* *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Dispatch quickly, I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the lip and the cup.

*Mr. Day.* Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a man!

*Mrs. Day.* Why then you would have wanted a woman, and a helper too.

*Mr. Day.* I profess for I should, and a notable one too, though I say it before thy face, and that's no ill one.

*Mrs. Day.* Come, come, you are wand'ring from the matter; dispatch the marriage, I say, whilst she is thus taken with our Abel. Women are uncertain.

*Mr. Day.* How if she should be coy?

*Mrs. Day.* You are at your ifs again: if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to: no Abel, no land. Plain-dealing's a jewel. Have you the writings drawn, as I advised you, which she must sign?

*Mr. Day.* Ay, I warrant you, duck; here, here they be. Oh, she has a brave estate!

*Mrs. Day.* What news you have!

*Mr. Day.* Look you, wife—

*[Day pulls out writings, and lays out his keys.]*

*Mrs. Day.* Pish, teach your grannum to spin; let me see.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* May it please your honour, your good neighbour Zachariah is departing this troublesome life: he has made your honour his executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your honours.

*Mr. Day.* Alas! Alas! a good man will leave us.—Come, good ducks, let us hasten: Where is Obadiah, to usher you?

*Mrs. Day.* Why, Obadiah!—A varlet, to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, husband, along; I'll take Abel in his place. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Ruth and Arbella.*

*Ruth.* What's the meaning of this alarm? There's some carrion discover'd; the crows are all gone upon a sudden.

*Arb.* The fine Day call'd most fiercely for Obadiah. Look here, Ruth, what have they left behind?

*Ruth.* As I live, it is the Day's bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely:—well—if thou hast any mettle, now's the time.

*Arb.* To do what?

*Ruth.* To fly out of Egypt.

*Enter Abel.*

*Arb.* Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, wench, he's come back for the keys.

*Ruth.* We'll forswear them in confident words, and no less confident countenances.

*Abel.* An important affair hath call'd my honourable father and mother forth, and in the absence of Obadiah, I am enforced to attend their honours; and so I bid you heartily farewell. *[Exit.]*

*Arb.* Given from his mouth, this tenth of April—He put me in a cruel fright.

*Ruth.* If I miss, hang-me!

*Arb.* But whither shall we go?

*Ruth.* To a friend of mine, and of my father's, that lives near the temple, and will harbour us, fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our colonels.

*Arb.* Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition we are in, makes me as ready as thou art. Come, let's about it.

*Ruth.* Stay; do you stand sentinel here. That's the closet-window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy. *[Exit.]*

*Arb.* I warrant thee.—Hark! what's that—this apprehension can make a noise when there is none.

*Ruth.* I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole covey, and his seal at arms bearing a dog's leg. *[Aboue.]*

*Arb.* Come, make haste then.

*Enter Teague, with Obadiah on his back.*

*Tes.* Long life to you, Madam; my master is at Lieutenant Story's and wants to speak to you, and that dear creature too.

*Arb. and Ruth.* Conduct us to him.

*Tes.* Oh, that I will—Come along, and I will follow you. *[Exeunt all but Obadiah.]*

*Obad.* Some small beer, good Mr. Teague.

*Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.*

*Mr. Day.* He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

*Mrs. Day.* I'll assure you his wife took on grievously; I do not believe she'll marry this half year.

*Mr. Day.* He died full of exhortation. Ha, duck, thou'dst be sorry to lose me?

*Mrs. Day.* Lose you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better thing—Ah, Lord! what's that? *[Obadiah sings.]*

*Mr. Day.* How now! what's this?—How! Obadiah—and in a drunken distemper assuredly!

*Mrs. Day.* O fie upon't, who would have believ'd that we should have liv'd to have seen Obadiah overcome with the creature?—Where have you been, firrah?

*Obad.* D—d—drinking the ki—ki—king's health.

*Mr. Day.* O terrible! some disgrace put upon us, and shame brought within our walls. I'll go lock up my neighbour's will, and come down and shew him a reproof.—How—how—I cannot feel my keys—nor—*[He feels in his pockets, and keeps up.]* hear 'em gingle.—Didst thou see my keys, duck?

*Mrs. Day.* Duck me no ducks. I see your keys! see a fool's head of your own! Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth-coming. You are so happy, you throw 'em up and down at your tail. Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the door?

*Mr. Day.* I go, I go, duck. *[Exit.]*

*Mrs. Day.* Here, Abel, take up this fallen creature, who has left his uprightness; carry him to a bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will rebuke him.

*Abel.* He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

*[He goes to lift him up.]*

*Obad.* Stand away, I say, and give me some more back, that I may drink a health to the king—*[Obadiah sings Teedy Folly.]* Where's Mr. Teague?

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mr. Day.* Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the doors left open, and all my writings and papers stolen! Undone, undone!—Ruth, Ruth!

*Mrs. Day.* Why, Ruth, I say! Thieves, thieves! *Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* What's the matter, forsooth! Here has been no thieves: I have not been a minute out of the house.

*Mrs. Day.* Where's Ruth, and Mrs. Arbella?

*Serv.* I have not seen them a pretty while.

*Mr. Day.* 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the writings of both their estates. Undone, undone!

*Mrs. Day.* This came with staying for you, *[To Abel.]* coxcomb, we had come back sooner else: you slow drone, we must be undone for your dullness.

*Obad.* Be not in wrath.

*Mrs. Day.* I'll wrath you, ye rascally you. I'll teach you, you drunken rascal, and you, sober dull man.

*Obad.* Your feet are swift and violent; the motion will make them fume.

*Mrs. Day.* D'you lye too, ye drunken rascal?

*Mr. Day.* Nay, patience, good duck, and let's lay out for these women; they are the thieves.

*Mrs. Day.* 'Twas you that left your keys upon the table to tempt them: ye need cry, good duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken rascal, ye booby: when he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

*[Exeunt Mr. Day and Mrs. Day.]*

*Abel.* I rejoice yet, in the midst of my sufferings, that my mistress saw not my rebukes. Come, Obadiah, I pray, raise yourself upon your feet, and walk.

*Obad.* Have you taken the covenant? That's the question.

*Abel.* Yea.

*Obad.* And will you drink a health to the king? That's t'other question.

*Abel.* Make not thyself a scorn.

*Obad.* Scorn in my face! Void, young Satan.

*Abel.* I pray you, walk in, I shall be assisting.

*Obad.* Stand off, and you shall perceive, by my steadfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now—so, softly, softly; good Obadiah, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink. So; gently and uprightly, Obadiah.

*[He moves his legs, but stands still.]*

*Abel.* You do not move.

*Obad.* Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

*Enter Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* What, stay all day! There's for you, Sir; *[To Abel.]* you are a sweet youth to leave in trust. Along, you drunken rascal; *[To Obadiah.]* I'll set you both forward.

*Obad.* The Philistines are upon us, and Day has broke loose from darkness; high keeping has made her fierce. *[She beats them off.]*

*Mrs. Day.* Out, you drunken rascal! I'll make you move, you beast. *[Exeunt.]*

A C T V.

*Enter Col. Careless and Teague.*

*Car.* HAVE you paid the money I sent you with?

*Tes.* Yes, but I will carry no more, look you there now.

*Car.* Why, Teague?

*Tes.* God fa' my shoul now, I shall run away with it.

*Car.* Pish! thou art too honest.



*Tea.* That I am too, upon my soul now; but the devil is not honest, that he is not; he would not let me alone when I was going; but he made me go to this little long place; and other little long place; and upon my soul, was carrying me into Ireland, for he made me go by a dirty place like a lough now; and therefore I know now it was the way to Ireland. Then I would stay still, and then he would make me go on; and then I would go to one side, and he would make me go to t'other side; and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my soul the devil could not catch me; and then I did pay the money: but I will darry no money, that I will not.

*Car.* But thou shalt, Teague, when I have more to send; thou art proof now against temptation.

*Tea.* Well then, if you send me with money again, and if I do not come to thee upon the time, the devil will make me be gone then with the money. Here's a paper for thee, 'tis a quit way indeed.

*Car.* That's well said, Teague— [Reads.]

*Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and Soldiers.*

*Obad.* Sir, Providence hath directed us; there is one of them that clothed me with shame, and the most malignant among the wicked.

*Mr. Day.* Soldiers, seize him. I charge him with treason! Here's a warrant to the keeper, as I told you.

*Car.* What's the matter, rascals?

*Mr. Day.* You shall know that, to your cost, hereafter. Away with him.

*Car.* Teague, tell 'em I shall not come home to-night. I am engaged.

*Tea.* I prythee, be not engaged.

*Car.* Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

*Mr. Day.* That will appear, Sir.—Away with him.

*Tea.* What will you do with my master now.

*Mr. Day.* Be quiet, Sir, or you shall go with him.

*Tea.* That I will, for all you, you old fool.

*Car.* Teague, come hither.

*Tea.* Sir?

*Car.* Here, take this key, open my bureau, and burn all the papers you find there; and here, burn this letter.

*Tea.* Pray give me that pretty clean letter, to send to my mother.

*Car.* No, no; be sure to do as I tell you.

*Mr. Day.* Away with him. We will be avenged on the scurvy; and I'll go home, and tell my duck this part of my good fortune. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant.*

*Enter Chairmen with sedans; Ruth and Arbella come out.*

*Ruth.* That's thy colonel, Arbella; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

*Arb.* What should I do?

*Ruth.* Put forth some good words. Advance.

*Arb.* Sir.

*Blunt.* Lady?—'Tis he.

*Arb.* I wish, Sir, that my friend and I had some conveyance of speaking to you; we now want the assistance of some noble friend.

*Blunt.* Then I am happy to bring me but to do something for you. I would have my actions talk, not I. My friend will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too.—Pardon my last confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had said—

*Ruth.* To make affidavit of it.

*Blunt.* Good, overcharged gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

*Arb.* Prythee, pause. Can't thou be marry, and we in this condition?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy. If we might withdraw any

whither out of sight, I would acquaint you with the business.

*Lieu.* My house, ladies, is at that door, where both the colonels lodge. Pray command it. Colonel Careless will immediately be here.

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* He will not come: that commit rogue Day has got him with man in red coats, and he is gone to prison here below this street. He would not let me go with him, I faith, but made me come tell thee now.

*Ruth.* O, my heart!—Tears, by your leave, a while.—[Wipes her eyes.] D'yeh-ar, Arbella! here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'll use. [Exit.]

*Blunt.* Careless in prison! Pardon me, Madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident.

*Arb.* What do you mean to do, Sir?

*Blunt.* I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something. You shall have a sudden account of all things. You say you dare believe; pray be as good as your word; and whatever accident befalls me, know I love you dearly.

*Lieu.* Madam, pray let my house be honour'd with you. Be confident of all respect and faith.

*Enter Ruth with a Soldier.*

*Ruth.* Come, give me the bundle; so; now the habit. 'Tis well; there's for your pains. Be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

*Sold.* If I fail, may I die in a ditch. [Exit.]

*Ruth.* Now, for my wild colonel.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Ruth.* Have not you a prisoner, Sir, in your custody, one Colonel Careless?

*Keep.* Yes, Mistress; and committed by your father, Mr. Day.

*Ruth.* May I speak with him, Sir?

*Keep.* Very freely, Mistress; there's no order to forbid any to come to him. To say truth, 'tis the most pleasant st gentleman—I'll call him forth.

*Ruth.* O' my conscience, every thing must be in love with him. Now for my last hopes; if this fail, I'll use the ropes myself.

*Enter Keeper and Careless.*

*Car.* Mr. Day's daughter speak with me?

*Keep.* Ay, Sir, there she is. [Exit.]

*Ruth.* Oh, Sir, does the name of Mr. Day's daughter trouble you? You love the gentlewoman but hate his daughter.

*Car.* Yes, I do love the gentlewoman you speak of, most exceedingly.

*Ruth.* And the gentlewoman loves you. But what luck this is, that Day's daughter should ever be with her, to spoil all!

*Car.* Not a whit one way; I have a pretty room within, dark, and convenient.

*Ruth.* For what?

*Car.* For you and I to give counter-security for our kindness to one another.

*Ruth.* But Mr. Day's daughter will be there, too.

*Car.* 'Tis dark; we'll ne'er see her.

*Ruth.* You care not who you are wicked with. Methinks a prison should tame you.

*Car.* Is this your business? Did you come to disturb my contemplations with a sermon? Is this all?

*Ruth.* One thing more—I love you, it's true; but I love you honestly. If you know how to love me virtuously, I'll free you from prison, and all fortunes with you.

*Car.* Yes, I could love thee all manner of ways.

*Ruth.* But what?

*Car.* The name of that rascal that got thee. Yet I lie too; he ne'er got a limb of thee. For on't! Thy mother was an unlucky to bear thee, Ruth how shall we save that? Take off but these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy smock; but to have such a flaw in my title—

*Ruth.* Can I help nature?

*Car.* Or I honour? Why, hark you now; do but swear me into a pretence; do but betray me with an oath, that thou were not begot on the body of Gillian, my father's kitchen-maid.

*Ruth.* Who's that?

*Car.* Why, the honourable Mrs. Day, that now is.

*Ruth.* Will you believe me if I swear?

*Car.* Ay, that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

*Ruth.* I swear, then, by all that's good, I am not their daughter.

*Car.* Poor, kind, perjurd, pretty one, I am beholden to thee. Woud'st damn thyself for me?

*Ruth.* You are mistaken. I have try'd you fully. My name is not so goodly a one as Ruth, but plain Anne, daughter to Sir Paul Thorowgood. 'Tis too long to tell you how this Day got me, an infant, and my estate, into his power, and made me pass for his own daughter. But two hours since, Arbell and I found an opportunity of stealing away all the writings that belong'd to my estate, and her composition. In our flight we met your friend, with whom I left her, as soon as I had intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty; which if I can do, you have your estate, for I have mine.

*Car.* Thou more than—

*Ruth.* No, no, no raptures at this time. Here's your disguise, purchas'd from a true-hearted red-coat. Let this line down when 'tis dark, and you shall draw up a ladder of ropes. As soon as you receive it come down; and at the bottom of the window you shall find yours, more than her own, not Ruth, but Anne.

*Car.* I'll leap into thy arms—

*Ruth.* So you may break your neck. If you do, I'll jump too. But time steals on our words—Observe all I told you. So, farewell.

*Car.* Nay, as the good fellows use to say, let us not part with dry lips—One kiss.

*Ruth.* Not a bit of me, till I am all yours.

*Car.* Your hand, then, to show I am grown reasonable. A poor compounder.

*Ruth.* Pish! there's a dirty glove upon't.

*Car.* Nay, pr'ythes be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid, I am a man; but I am as arrant a rogue as thy quondam father, Day, if I could not cry, to leave you a brace of minutes.

*Ruth.* Away! we grow foolish—farewel—yet, be careful—Nay, go in.

*Car.* Do you go first.

*Ruth.* Nay, fie, go in.

*Car.* We'll fairly, then, divide the victory, and draw off together.—So—I will have the last look.

[*Exeunt severally, looking at one another.*]

*Enter Col. Blunt, and Soldier.*

*Blunt.* No more words. I do believe, nay I know thou art honest. I may live to thank thee better.

*Sol.* I scorn any encouragement to love my king, or those that serve him; I took pay under these people, with a design to do him service. The lieutenant knows it.

*Blunt.* He has told me so. No more words. Thou art a noble fellow. Thou art sure his window's large enough?

*Sol.* Fear it not.

*Blunt.* Here, then, carry him this ladder of ropes. So; now, give me the coat. Say not a word to him, but bid him dispatch, when he sees the coast clear. He shall be waited for, at the bottom of his window. Give him thy sword, too, if he desires it.

*Sol.* I'll dispatch it instantly; therefore get to your place. [*Exit.*]

*Blunt.* I warrant ye.

*Enter Teague.*

*Tea.* Have you done every thing, then? By my shoul, now, yonder is the man with the head name; that man, now, that I made drunk for thee; Mr. Tay's rascal. He is coming along there behind; now, upon my shoul, that he is.

*Blunt.* The rascal comes for some mischief. Teague, now or never play the man.

*Tea.* How should I be a man, then?

*Blunt.* Thy master is never to be got out, if this rogue gets hither: meet him therefore, Teague, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk; and it shall be called the Second Edition of Obadiah, got forth with Irish notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee—

*Tea.* I will carry him on my back, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my sweet master, now, that I will.

*Blunt.* Dispatch, good Teague; and dispatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canst but once more be victorious, bring him in triumph to Lieutenant Story's, there shall be the general rendezvous. Now, or never, Teague.

*Tea.* I warrant you, I will get drink into his pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you. He shall not come after you now. [*Ex.*]

*Enter Careless.*

*Blunt.* What's this? a soldier in the place of Careless? I am betrayed, but I'll end this rascal's duty.

*Car.* How, a soldier!—Betray'd! this rascal shan't laugh at me. [*Both draw.*]

*Blunt.* Dog.

*Car.* How, Blunt!

*Blunt.* Careless!

*Car.* You guess shrewdly. Plague, what contrivance hath set you and I a tilting at one another?

*Blunt.* How the devil got you a soldier's habit?

*Car.* The same friend, for aught I know, that furnish'd you—This kind gentlewoman is Ruth still. Ha, here she is! I was just ready to be suspicious.

*Enter Ruth.*

*Ruth.* Who's there!

*Car.* Two notable charging red-coats.

*Ruth.* As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

*Car.* Pr'ythee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiss it.

*Ruth.* How in the name of wonder got you hither?

*Car.* Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and came down by it.

*Blunt.* Then the mistake is plainer: 'twas I that sent the soldier with the ropes.

*Ruth.* What an escape was this! Come, let's lose no time; here's no place to explain matters in.

*Car.* I will say to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

*Ruth.* Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Mrs. Chat.*

*Mrs. Day.* Are you sure of this, neighbour Chat?

*Mrs. Chat.* I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a nose to my face—

*Mrs. Day.* Is my ————

*Mr. Day.* Ay, is my ————

*Mrs. Day.* You may give one leave, methinks, to ask out one question. Is my daughter Ruth with her?

*Mrs. Chat.* She was not, when I saw Mrs. Arbella last. I have not been so often at your honour's house, but that I know Mrs. Arbella; the rich heiress, that Mr. Abel was to have had, good gentleman, if he has his due. They never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my neighbour Story, before he married the lieutenant; and stepping in to see Mrs. Story that now is, my neighbour Wilmot that was, I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. Arbella; and I warrant Mrs. Ruth is not far off.

*Mrs. Day.* Let me advise then, husband.

*Mr. Day.* Do good duck; I'll warrant 'em—

*Mrs. Day.* You'll warrant, when I have done the business.

*Mr. Day.* I mean so, duck.

*Mrs. Day.* Well, pray spare your meaning too. First then, we'll go ourselves in person to this Story's house, in the mean time send Abel for soldiers; and when he has brought the soldiers, let them stay at the door, and come up himself; and then, if fair means will not do, I'll fight.

*Mr. Day.* Excellent! well advised, sweet duck.

Ah! let thee alone. Begone, Abel, and observe thy mother's direction. Remember the place. We'll be revenged for robbing us, and for all their tricks.

*Abel.* I shall perform it.

*Mrs. Day.* Come along, neighbour; and shew us the best way. Mrs. Chat, the state shall know what good service you have done.

*Mrs. Chat.* I thank your honour. [Exeunt.

*Enter Arbella and Lieutenant.*

*Lieu.* Pray, Madam, weep no more! spare your tears till you know they have miscarried.

*Enter Ruth, Carlisle, and Blunt.*

*Abel.* Oh, my dear friend! My dear, dear Ruth.

*Carl.* Pray, none of these phlegmatic hugs. There, take your colonel; my captain and I can hug afresh every minute.

*Ruth.* When did we hug last, good soldier?

*Carl.* I have done nothing but hug thee in fancy, ever since you Ruth turned Annie.

*Abel.* You are welcome, Sir: I cannot deny I stand in all your danger.

*Blunt.* I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

*Abel.* No more; I'll save you the labour of courtship, which should be too tedious to all plain and honest natures. It is enough; I know you love me.

*Blunt.* Or may I perish, whilst I am swearing it.

*Enter Prentice.*

*Lieu.* How now, Jack?

*Boy.* Oh, master, undone! Here's Mr. Day, the committee man; and his fierce wife, come into the shop. Mrs. Chat brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. Arbella, and their daughter Ruth, are here. Deny 'em if you dare, they say.

*Lieu.* Go down, boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em.

*Ruth.* Come, be cheerful; I'll defend you all against the assaults of captain Day, and major-general Day, his new drawn-up wife. Give me my ammunition, [To Arbella:] the papers, woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more graves but one.

*Blunt.* Slife, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so.

*Ruth.* Stand you all drawn up as my reserve—so;—I for the forlorn hope.

*Abel.* They come, wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a volley.

*Ruth.* They'll not stand the first charge, fear not; now the Day breaks.

*Carl.* Wou'd 'twere his neck were broke.

*Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

*Mrs. Day.* Ah, ha! My fine run-aways, have I found you? What, you think my husband's honour lives without intelligence. Marry, come up.

*Mr. Day.* My duck tells you how 'tis—We—

*Mrs. Day.* Why then let your duck tell 'em how 'tis! Yet, as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence: else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the nation quiet; but if you, Mr. Arbella, will deliver up what you have stol'n, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious Ruth—

*Ruth.* Anne, if you please.

*Mrs. Day.* Who gave you that name, pray?

*Ruth.* My god-fathers and god-mothers;—on, forsooth, I can answer a leaf further.

*Mr. Day.* Duck, good duck, a word; I do not like this name Annie.

*Mrs. Day.* You are ever in a fright, with a devil's heart of your own. Well, gentlewoman, you are merry.

*Abel.* As newly come out of your wardships. I hope Mr. Abel is well.

*Mrs. Day.* Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

*Carl.* That is, with mirmidons. Come, good Anne, no more delay, fall on.

*Ruth.* Then, before the furious Abel approaches with his red-coats, who perhaps are now marching under the conduct of that expert captain in weighty matters, know the articles of our treaty are only these: this Arbella will keep her estate, and not marry Abel, but this gentleman; and I Anne, daughter to Sir Basil Thorowgood, and not Ruth, as has been thought, have taken my own estate, together with this gentleman, for better for worse. We were modest, though thieves, and only plundered our own.

*Mrs. Day.* Yes, gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my husband can prove; it may cost you your neck, if you do not submit.

*Ruth.* Truth on't is, we did take something else.

*Mrs. Day.* Oh; did you?

*Ruth.* Pray give me leave to speak one word in private with my father Day?

*Mrs. Day.* Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Oh, 'tis rather Day, now!

*Ruth.* D'ye hear, Sir; how long is't since you have practis'd physic?

[Takes him aside.]

*Mr. Day.* Physic! What d'ye mean?

*Ruth.* I mean physic. Look ye, here's a small prescription of yours. D'ye know this hand-writing?

*Mr. Day.* I am undone.

*Ruth.* Here's another upon the same subject. This young one, I believe, came into this wicked world for want of your preventing dose; it will not be taken now neither. It seems your wench's are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more conscience than you have.

*Mr. Day.* Peace, good Mrs. Anne! I am undone, if you betray me.

*Enter Abel, who goes to his father.*

*Abel.* The soldiers are come.

*Mr. Day.* Go and send 'em away, Abel; here's no need, no need, now.

*Mrs. Day.* Are the soldiers come, Abel?



*Abel.* Yes, but my father biddeth me send them away.

*Mr. Day.* No, not without your opinion, duck; but since they have but their own, I think, duck, if we were all friends—

*Mrs. Day.* Oh, are you at your *ifs* again? D'you think they shall make a fool of me, though they make an *afs* of you? Call 'em up, Abel, if they will not submit; call up the soldiers, Abel.

*Ruth.* Why, your fierce honour shall know the business that makes the wise Mr. Day inclinable to friendship.

*Mr. Day.* Nay, good sweet-heart, come, I pray let us be friends.

*Mrs. Day.* How's this! What am I not fit to be trusted now? Have you built your credit and reputation upon my counsel and labours, and am I not fit now to be trusted?

*Mr. Day.* Nay, good sweet duck, I confess I owe all to thy wisdom. Good gentlemen, persuade my duck, that we may be all friends.

*Car.* Hark you, good Gillian Day, be not so fierce upon the husband of thy bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty: say it were a wench, or so?

*Ruth.* As I live, he has hit upon't by chance. Now we shall have sport.

*Mrs. Day.* How, a wench, a wench! Out upon the hypocrite. A wench! Was not I sufficient? A wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will; call the soldiers, Abel.

*Abb.* Soft, gentle Abel, or I'll discover you are in bonds; you shall never be releas'd, if you move a step.

*Ruth.* D'ye hear, Mrs. Day, be not so furious, hold your peace: you may divulge your husband's shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of authority; nay, and have him try'd for his life: read this. Remember too, I know of your bribery and cheating, and something else: you guess. Be friends, and forgive one another. Here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to bestow preferment upon Mr. Day, if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozen'd your brother cheats; in which he was to remember his service to you. I believe 'twas your inditing. You are the committee-man. 'Tis your best way, (nay, never demur) to kiss and be friends. Now, if you can contrive hand-

somely to cozen those that cozen all the world; and get these gentlemen to come by their estates easily, and without taking the covenant, the old sum of five hundred pounds, that I used to talk of, shall be yours yet.

*Mrs. Day.* We will endeavour.

*Ruth.* Come, Mrs. Arbella, pray let's all be friends.

*Abb.* With all my heart.

*Ruth.* Brother Abel, the bird is flown; but you shall be released from your bonds.

*Abel.* I bear my afflictions as I may.

*Enter Teague, leading Obadiah in a balter and a Musician.*

*Tea.* What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. Tay? Well, I will tell her what I should say now! Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, or think of the mustard-pot.

*Car.* No, good Teague, there's no need of thy message now: but why dost thou lead Obadiah thus?

*Tea.* Well, I will hang him presently, that I will. Look you here, Mrs. Tay, here's your man Obadiah, do you see? he would not let me make him drunk, so I did take him in this string, and I am going to choak him by the throat.

*Blunt.* Honest Teague, thy master is beholden to thee, in some measure, for his liberty.

*Car.* Teague, I shall requite thy honesty.

*Tea.* Well, shall I hang him then? It is a rogue now, who wou'd not be drunk for the king.

*Obad.* I do beseech you, gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

*Tea.* You shall be brought to the gallows, you thief o' the world.

*Car.* No, poor Teague, 'tis enough; we are all friends. Come let him go.

*Tea.* Are you all friends? Then here, little Obid, take the string, and go and hang yourself.

*Car.* Thanks, honest Teague, thou shalt flourish in a new livery for this. Now, Mrs. Annice, I hope you and I may agree about kissing and compounding every way. Now, Mr. Day,

If you will have good luck in every thing,

Turn cavalier, and cry, God bless the king.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land. It is the foundation of the government and the rights of the people. It is the document that defines the structure of the government and the powers of each branch. It is the document that guarantees the rights of the people and protects them from the abuse of power. It is the document that has shaped the history of the United States and will continue to shape its future.

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The Constitution is a living document that has evolved over time. It has been amended many times to reflect the changing needs of the nation. The amendments have added new rights and protections for the people and have clarified the powers of the government. The Constitution is a document that is constantly being interpreted and reinterpreted by the courts. It is a document that is constantly being challenged and defended. It is a document that is constantly being shaped and reshaped by the people.

The Constitution is a document that is the heart of the American system. It is the document that has made the United States a great nation. It is the document that has given the people the right to participate in the government. It is the document that has made the United States a land of freedom and opportunity. It is the document that has made the United States a land of hope and promise. It is the document that has made the United States a land of greatness.